Fall To Jealousy

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Fall To Jealousy

by ElizaD

Summary

Hannibal hates the way people look at Will when they are out. Will is only too happy to have Hannibal show them all who he belongs to.

Part of a series but can be read as a stand alone.

Notes

Look at me, posting twice in one day! Are you proud? This one is considerable short for me but I wanted something fast and desperate for the content and I guess my writing changed to suit the tone.

I hope you enjoy this short and sweet dirty fic.

See the end of the work for more notes

Hannibal placed his hands on Will's hips, drawing him closer, his fingertips grazing the heated skin above his waistband. Hannibal pressed their bodies and buried his face in Will's neck, tongue darting out to lap at the sweat there. The dance floor was packed and Latin music filled the bar, spilling out onto the beach. Hannibal held Will's close to him, hips grinding together, swaying to the beat. Will wrapped his hands around Hannibal's neck, moaning softly in his ear before tilting his head back, sweat drenching him.

Hannibal stared at him, Will was tipsy and flushed with a bright smile on his face. He looked gorgeous like this pressed against Hannibal as he danced sensually. Will frowned briefly and pressed closer to Hannibal, brushing their faces together. Hannibal's eyes cut over Will's shoulder to see a tanned blonde man staring at Will's ass. "Did he touch you?" He whispered in Will's ear. Will nodded and pulled Hannibal into a kiss. When they parted Hannibal glared at the man until he ducked his head and moved away.

Hannibal's beautiful boy attracted attention wherever he went, Will did not seem to realise how gorgeous he was. But everyone else did. Out around town, people turned their heads and now in the barn when he was flushed and loose, he was an adonis and hardly anyone could take their eyes off him. Hannibal himself had certainly never kept his eyes to himself among Will but he felt no empathy towards his gawking fans. Will was his, Hannibal had known that since the first moment he saw him, no-one else was worthy of Will's unique mind, his exquisite darkness or his insatiable body.

Hannibal eyes travelled around the room, no-one else had dared to touch but they were watching the way he moved. He felt a possessive jealousy surge within him. Although he knew who Will belonged to, he hated their eyes crawling all over his darling, knowing they could never appreciate or love him as Hannibal did. "Everyone here wants you, my darling," he growled against Will's ear.

"And you are the only one that gets to have me," Will purred against his ear with a chuckle. His hips moved and Hannibal could feel Will's hardness against his thigh.

"Forever mine," Hannibal growled. Will made a noise of agreement. An older man sitting at the bar looked at Will, his eyes slowly roaming over Will's body with appreciation. Hannibal snarled with the urge to gut someone, take his disrespectful eyes. Will laughed and lightly nipped at Hannibal's neck. Hannibal tore his gaze from the other patrons and met Will's eyes with fire in his gaze. Will looked back at him with playful eyes, teasing him and loving it. Hannibal grabbed the front of Will's shirt and dragged him outside, shoving him against the wooden wall of the bar.

The smell of saltwater and fruit filled the air, the sound of waves mixed with the pulsing music. Hannibal's hands travelled up Will's shirt, sliding over the damp flesh and ripping off two buttons. He yanked open the rest of the shirt, buttons scattering onto the sand below them and Will laughed. Hannibal covered Will's lips with his own, swallowing every sound. Will's hand moved down to grip Hannibal's ass, moaning when he felt Hannibal's fingers dance along the length of the deep scar on his stomach. Hannibal sank to his knees and licked over the raised skin, kissing along the flesh. His hand palmed at Will's cock before mouthing at him through the thin fabric of his shorts. "Not here," Will gasped with a wicked smile.

“Inside, show them who I belong to,” he asked with a moan. Hannibal returned his sinful smile as they moved back inside to the centre of the floor. “Now, Hannibal, I can feel their eyes all over me,” he whined. Hannibal could too and it filled him with fire, he spread Will’s shirt open and pulled Will’s back to his chest, exposing his scar to the room at large. Will moaned and wrapped an arm around Hannibal’s head, encouraging his face to rest in the crook of his neck, wanting to feel sharp teeth. Will rocked his ass back into Hannibal’s erection, enjoying the feel of being claimed in public. Will’s eyes moved over the bar, noticing the hungry gazes focused on him as Hannibal slid down his stomach and into the front of his pants.

He gasped when Hannibal’s skin came into contact with his length, his hot sweaty palm wrapping around his erection and sliding over the silken length. His eyes fluttered and fell shut as he tilted his head back. “No, no, my tempting little minx,” Hannibal growled, teeth tugging on Will’s earlobe. “Don’t close your eyes, watch them all, seeing who you belong to entirely,” Will obeyed, his fingers brushing along Hannibal’s mark on him. “My gorgeous creature, all mine.”

“Yes,” Will moaned, as Hannibal began to pump his length, not even trying to hide his actions. His grip around Hannibal’s neck tightened and his free hand grabbed at Hannibal’s belt loop, clinging to Hannibal in order to keep himself standing. His knees were weak and he was shaking but he kept his eyes opening, moaning wantonly, his voice being lost in the music. More and more eyes to them, some with shock or disapproval but most were aroused by the show. He saw a young woman grab her boyfriend and drag him out, both breathing heavily and unlikely to make it home before enjoying each other.

Hannibal grinned against Will’s neck. “All beautiful and all mine,” he whispered with devotion. “I cannot stand them looking at you with desire, not one of them deserves you, my darling love,” he continued moving his hand against Will, varying his pressure to keep Will lost in the sea of pleasure as long as he possibly could. Will’s underwear was soaked with precum, making his length slick and slippery for him, the front of his pants darkening from the dampness seeping through. He wrapped his free hand around Will’s torso, holding him close, their sweat mixing together. “Are you close?” He panted against Will’s fluttering pulse.

“Yes, yes God babe, please,” Will moaned.

“Right here, darling?” He checked, needing Will to agree before he finished him off in front of an audience. Will’s becoming had awakened a sexual appetite that Hannibal was in awe of, but he never pushed Will further than he was willing. Though they had not found his limit yet.

“Yes,” Will insisted, rolling their bodies together in rhythm with the music. “I want everyone to see how well you take care of me,” he whispered in Hannibal’s ear. Hannibal squeezed Will’s wet purple head and with a sharp twist he felt Will spill over his hand with a long soft whine before he slumped against Hannibal, still moaning a moving his hips, his eyes half open and glowing brightly.

“Beautiful,” Hannibal whispered in appreciation. “I would love to stay here and glow along with you but I think we should go before the manger asks us to leave,” Hannibal said, seeing

an embarrassed but enraged man make his way towards them. “Come quickly,” he said with a short laugh before dragging Will out, one hand coated with seed.

They raced along the moon-lit beach laughing with reckless abandon before Will collapsed on the sand, his skin gleaming in the low light and nerves alight with pleasure. Hannibal washed his hand in the ocean before laying down next to Will and pulling him into an embrace. “We can’t go back there for a very long time,” Will said, shaking with laughter.

Hannibal laughed too, the sound so rare but loud and warm that it just made Will laugh harder. “It was your idea to let everyone see my wicked boy,” Hannibal told him.

“Like you weren’t loving showing off how good you make me feel,” Will purred, kissing Hannibal between loud breathless gulps of laughter.

“I always do my love. You know how possessive I am,” Hannibal admitted, hand flat over Will’s scar.

“And you are quite the performer,” Will said, trailing his lips along Hannibal’s neck.

“That was not a performance,” Hannibal told him, burying his face in Will’s hair, inhaling the salt and moonlight tangled in his curls. “That was jealousy.”

End Notes

I love me some possessive Hannibal. I hope you all do too.

Next up: Sloth.

As always, Kudos and comments bring me joy while constructive criticism and requests are always gratefully received,

Survive, live and thrive and, whenever posssible, eat the rude.

XXX

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